THE
NATION

OCTOBER 19, 1957 . . 25c

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LETTERS

More on Hiss

In a letter published in these columns in our October 5 issue, Charles Alan Wright, Associate Professor of Law at the University of Texas, asked the following question regarding Fred. J. Cook's article on the Hiss case: "How did Mr. Chambers . . . who is shown certainly to have been fleeing from the Communists by the beginning of March, 1938, obtain a document which reached the State Department on April 1, 1938? It is hard to reconcile these facts with Chambers' claim that this document, and the others, came from Hiss, but it is just as difficult to suppose that the fleeing Chambers obtained it from Wadleigh or some unnamed confederate . . ."

We asked Chester T. Lane, attorney who handled Mr. Hiss's pleadings for a new trial, to comment on this point. Following is Mr. Lane's reply.—Ed.

Dear Sirs: It has never seemed to me very difficult to supply a theory which would answer Professor Wright's question. That question rests on an assumption that Chambers secured the copied State Department documents at or about the time he said he did—January-April, 1938—even if not from the source he attributed them to, namely, Hiss.

But why need this assumption be made? Is it not quite as likely that they were secured for him by co-conspirators at some time in 1948, when it was becoming apparent that he was going to have to support the story he had been telling for so many years? He may well have found it impossible at that late date to secure 1937 papers—perhaps because of some State Department policy of storing ten-year old records. As well, it may have suddenly occurred to the conspirators that papers dated after March 12, 1938 (the date Wadleigh went to Turkey) would be essential to rebut the possible assertion that Wadleigh—the admitted purveyor of State Department documents—was the source, rather than Hiss. This last hypothesis receives support from the fact that the papers fall, in size and paper-aging, into two groups, one comprising letters dated before, and the other letters dated before, March 12—thus indicating that the copies were manufactured at different times. The second group might have been an afterthought—leading, of course, to the necessity of changing Chambers' story of his break with the party from 1937 to April, 1938. This change, you will recall, was first foreshadowed in Chambers' House Committee testimony on August 25, 1948, from which it appears likely that it was around that time that he had secured the second batch of documents.

Professor Wright's difficulty stems from the pardonable tendency to assume that some portions of Chambers' story conform to the facts. *Je n'en vois pas la nécessité.*

CHESTER T. LANE

New York City

Dear Sirs: My heartiest congratulations and my deep gratitude to you and to Mr. Cook for the magnificent review of the Hiss case. It is a splendid piece of work and I hope it will lead to the righting of a great wrong which has burdened my conscience as an American citizen.

ELIZABETH SEEGER

New York City

Dear Sirs: I have now had a chance to read Fred J. Cook's study of the Hiss case in your issue of September 21, and I am writing you to say that I think this is the most perceptive analysis of the case I have seen. It is astonishing that a layman is able to handle the legal materials so adroitly.

NATHAN WITT

New York City

Dear Sirs: Many thanks to you and Mr. Cook for the special Hiss issue. It is a superb job and especially valuable for one who, like myself, has never read either the basic documents or the lawyer books dealing with the case. There should certainly be follow-up action. No one who knows of the FBI obstruction of the search for new evidence can possibly fail to have "a reasonable doubt" of Hiss's guilt. How can this knowledge be spread to a really substantial proportion of the American people? This, it seems to me, is the problem that should now be tackled.

PAUL SWEEZY

Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Sirs: Mr. Cook's article on the Hiss case is more than a tour de force in journalism; it is a kind of *J'Accuse* which must disturb profoundly every American who has ever assumed that, in this country at least, law can always be equated with justice. I hope that a way can be found to reopen this case so that justice will prevail.

MARIS ROMLEY

Minneapolis, Minn.

The Good Neighbor

Dear Sirs: Thank you for Betty Kirk's Policy of the Suction Pump in your issue of October 5. The article was wonderfully timed. One of our major concerns now should be how the United States can convert to peacetime production without dropping into an economic tailspin. Miss Kirk shows the way.

(MRS.) FRANCES L. WINDOM

St. Louis, Missouri

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VOLUME 185, NUMBER 12
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1957

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Beep Heard Round The World

NOTHING QUITE like the American press reaction to the news that the Soviets had launched an artificial satellite has been witnessed in some time. Fortunately, Congress was not in session; the reactions were wild enough without the febrile pulse of Congressional opinion. Editorial opinion was varied, contradictory and ranged from Ground Zero to Outer Space. The news was "frightening, damned frightening"; there was no cause for alarm. The United States and the USSR are not engaged in a missile-rocket race; the United States had just lost the race. There was no cause for surprise in the Soviet announcement; it had caught everyone by surprise. We knew that they knew all along; they caught us off-guard. The Soviet achievement was nothing (according to Rear Admiral Rawson Bennett, they had merely succeeded in tossing a piece of iron into the air); it was a stunning achievement. Nothing much had been changed; the world will never be the same. It was a magnificent step forward for all mankind; it was an unmitigated disaster. The Soviets are now light-years ahead of us; they are not ahead of us. The satellite has great military significance; it has little immediate military significance. It will change American policy; it will not change American policy.

And so it went, on and on, a spate of feverish speculation. On particular editorial pages the reaction shifted almost on the hour. *The New York Times* started off (October 6) on a note of elation, shifted on October 7 to a heaven-or-hell theme ("questions of the gravest character"), and, by October 9, had leveled off on a note of "there is still hope." On the whole, however, on the *Times* and elsewhere, the editorial mood settled fairly rapidly into the old familiar cold-war fixation. Themes of "the brotherhood of science" and "occasion of universal pride" were quickly replaced with severe preachments, flagellations and scapegoating tirades. As the week wore on, a word-count would show high tallies for "humiliation," "defeat," "fear" and "chagrin." And as the week ended, the oscillator of reaction, which had been ranging wildly at top speed, slowed down and the needle point firmly to the negative pole with the phrase "what this country needs" echoing in nearly every line. The beeps had become chilling; the impulse to applaud, in *Time's* phrase, "soon froze in the rigors of the cold war."

The Margins Vanish

What the Russians made of this weirdly patterned reaction is anyone's guess. But if they thought, as apparently they did, that the news of the satellite would give them a bargaining edge, they were in error. For as the oscillator quieted, it was quite apparent that the Soviet announcement had set the stage for a huge increase in military appropriations here—precisely at a time when layoffs, cutbacks and stretchouts are beginning to make significant news. The identical reaction of the stock market and of Senators Symington and Jackson—the Senate's foremost proponents of big airpower—left little doubt that the Russian announcement had come as glad tidings to the aircraft industry which, of course, is now billions-deep in rockets and missiles. With demands for "crash programs" multiplying, the reaction of Congress to the "beep," as it comes back into session in an election year, is clearly predictable.

All the same, the Soviets are entitled to congratulations for a major scientific achievement. It is unfortunate that the American reaction has been made up, in about equal measure, of congratulatory sentiments and unconcealed apprehensions; the effect has been to create an impression of bad manners which is unworthy of us. But quite apart from the fact that there is occasion to applaud a first-rate scientific achievement, in the benefits of which we are certain to share, the political effects are not entirely negative. The spies-in-science myth has been severely jolted; its twin, the myth of secrecy-in-science, has been badly shaken; the need for basic research as against gadgetry has been heavily emphasized (see articles p. 262 and p. 265 this issue); psychologically the triumph which the Russians have scored may reduce their need for aggressive self-assertion; and, once again, the universality of science and its mounting impact on world events has been dramatically demonstrated.

If it is predictable—and Mr. Khrushchev frankly concedes the point—that American scientists will know

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tomorrow what Russian scientists know today, and vice versa, then the margins of advantage which have in times past led to fateful military calculations and decisions, are rapidly vanishing. Military calculations of frightful import cannot be based on advantages which may well vanish before the decisions can be implemented. The arms race has been transformed into a competition in military technology which, while dangerous enough, at least implies that the logic of science may yet supersede the illogic of power politics.

Spy of the Year

IT WOULD NOT occur to us to impugn the selfless patriotism of the FBI's most euphonious counter-agent, Mr. Boris Morros. But Mr. Morros has himself put a dollar value on his zeal—he spent, he has said, $2 million of his own fortune pursuing our enemies through the capitals of Europe and received not one cent above a modest *per diem* from the FBI.

A man who has spent $2 million on patriotism can scarcely be criticized for trying to recoup some of the loss and it is happy news that Mr. Morros' affairs are thriving these days. According to *Variety*, he has sold his *Secret Diaries* twice—once to *Look* for $35,000 and again to the Viking Press for $35,000 advance on royalties. (To give you an idea how really secret they are—they employ four different codes involving eleven different languages, including Chaldean and Tartar. Some of these are written in reverse and the result is a puzzle that even Mr. Boris Morros now finds occasionally baffling.)

In recent weeks Mr. Morros has picked up two fees of $2,000 for appearances on the Ed Sullivan show and on *Face the Nation*. The latter wants him back for another $2,000 worth and he has a standing invitation from Steve Allen.

Nor has the recent publicity had an adverse effect on Mr. Morros' prestige in Hollywood. He is producing a movie version of *Geisha*, a light opera first staged in 1903, and he will follow that with a documentary on the contributions made to modern civilization by the twenty-nine living Nobel Prize-Winners. Most of these live in Europe and Mr. Morros signed them in moments stolen from his cloak-and-dagger activities.

Spying is a dangerous activity and it is often distasteful, particularly when the quarry is your business partner and backer. However, Mr. Morros has strong nerves and a strong stomach, and anyhow he says he returned the $130,000 that Alfred Stern advanced to him before handing the names of Stern and his wife over to the FBI. No doubt Mr. Morros is a model of responsible citizenship, but generally speaking, spying is a more appetizing profession when the agent gets paid for value received and does not seek to cash in on the ensuing notoriety.

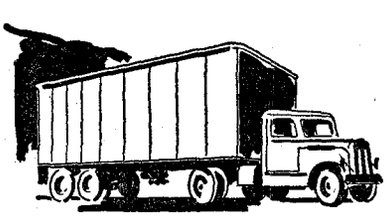
Rope Enough

Once again Governor Faubus has flubbed it. Addressing a communication to Maj. Gen. Edwin A. Walker as "The Commander of Occupation Forces," he has accused federal troops in Little Rock of "invading the privacy of the girls' dressing rooms" at Central High. General Walker promptly returned the communication unopened; it had been previously released to the press. The White House, of course, quickly denounced the Governor's charge as "completely untrue and completely vulgar." Our confidence in Mr. Faubus' capacity for foolishness remains unshaken.

WILL LABOR SPLIT AGAIN? . . *by George Kirstein*

LET'S AGREE at the very outset that James Hoffa has manifold underworld connections. Let's further agree that Hoffa has never indicated any real concept of integrity in fiscal affairs. Let's go further and say that it is regrettable that the recent convention of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters elected Hoffa to the presidency of the nation's largest union by an overwhelming vote. Having agreed on these incontrovertible points, we can now face the real issue: whether the already-divided labor movement should be further divided.

The teamsters were informed before their convention that if they elected Hoffa as president, they inevitably faced expulsion from the AFL-CIO. Mr. Reuther made it clear that, as second in command of the merged federation, he supported this position. And since the teamsters' convention adjourned, Mr. James Carey, president of the International Union of Electrical Workers and a member of the executive committee of the AFL-CIO, has publicly called for the teamsters' expulsion. Mr. Meany, supported by Mr. Reuther, may now have no road for retreat.



Let us examine the results if the expulsion threat is made good. Who

GEORGE KIRSTEIN, Publisher of The Nation, *was executive secretary of the National War Labor Board. He is also the author of* Stores and Unions.

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can argue that organized labor will thereby be *strengthened*? At best, an argument can be advanced that the labor movement need not necessarily be *weakened*. It is pointed out, for instance, that the teamsters, even as members of the AFL-CIO, have not always respected the picket lines of affiliated unions, but for various reasons have been selective in the causes which they support. As independents, presumably they could do no worse; they would simply continue to be selective, strengthening some AFL-CIO unions and declining support to others. And certainly it can be urged that the AFL-CIO would not be weakened by demanding a higher code of idealism than is apt to be its standard if the teamsters remain in the organization.

So run the arguments that expulsion of the Teamsters Union would not weaken the labor movement. They are neither strong nor particularly persuasive—and they are a far cry from the contention that organized labor would be *strengthened*.

HOFFA'S record was certainly before the teamsters' delegates when, on the first ballot, they elected their new president. The Senate committee headed by Mr. McClellan, going beyond its investigatory role, had chosen to cast itself as a public prosecutor. The press, almost without exception, thundered imprecations against Hoffa's gangland connections. The Ethical Practices Committee of the AFL-CIO had declared that the teamsters would be unacceptable if Hoffa were elected president. Never since John L. Lewis was virtually accused of treason for calling a strike of the coal miners about the time of Pearl Harbor had so much public abuse been heaped on a single labor leader. The result, as so often happens both on the American labor and political scenes (for example, James Curley's final election as Mayor of Boston), was a strengthening of the attacked leader's candidacy.

There are some who believe that Dave Beck's downfall was also caused by the general attack upon him. They believe that the revelations of the McClellan committee—the palatial house, the profitable business enterprises, the white

silk shirts, Nathan Schefferman's good offices, and the disclosures of quickly-turned real-estate gains — caused Beck to abandon his candidacy to succeed himself as president. Manifestly, this cannot be true, or the even greater chorus concentrated against Hoffa would have had a similar effect. Beck was eliminated because Hoffa was out to get him, had been out to get him for the last five years, and by superior organization, ruthlessness and flexibility of maneuver, achieved his objective.

Now Hoffa is to be president of the Teamsters Union for the next five years. Can one assume that from all the clamor against him, the pending indictments, the swell of public criticism, Hoffa has learned nothing? Is there really no possibility that Hoffa may now review carefully the methods he has previously followed? Will not the teamsters themselves tend gradually to insist on a more democratic handling of their own affairs? And will this tendency be hastened or delayed by the union's expulsion from the AFL-CIO? Is it not likely that the teamsters would be subjected to more pressure to reform if they remained inside the federation than if they were isolated by expulsion?

When Maurice Hutcheson, head of the 800,000-member Carpenters Union, said in effect that he did not believe the Teamsters Union should be expelled, he echoed the sentiments of a great many responsible heads of other labor organizations. When the time comes to vote on the issue, these leaders may follow the line laid down by Messrs. Meany, Reuther and Carey; but if they do, they will have small stomach for their action. The truth is that many of the lesser unions, and particularly the white-collar unions in the AFL-CIO, depend upon the teamsters for assistance in organizing and for support on the picket lines. Many times the teamsters have pulled lost strikes out of disaster by lending their strength when it was badly needed.

There are some who argue that the fundamental issue facing labor today is how much autonomy a union can have within the voluntary association which is the AFL-CIO. They compare the Teamsters—AFL-CIO struggle with that currently raging between the federal government and the Governor of Arkansas. But we do not believe that autonomy is the issue. Strong unions *are* autonomous. The United Mine Workers has always been autonomous, even when it was affiliated with the A. F. of L. or the C. I. O. Its autonomy came neither from its own constitution nor from that of the parent body; it came from large treasuries, a militant membership and a leadership which knew it could depend on its local unions for support. The International Ladies Garment Workers Union, affiliated with the AFL-CIO, is autonomous in the same sense and for precisely the same reasons. The unions with lesser degrees of autonomy—they can easily be listed—have similar constitutions, but they have smaller treasuries, weaker discipline and less independent leadership. The teamsters *are* autonomous—and their autonomy has not increased from the time of Tobin to the time of Beck to the time of Hoffa. They are neither more nor less autonomous now than in the past.

PERHAPS, as we have indicated, Messrs. Meany and Reuther have committed themselves so far that it is now too late for a compromise to be feasible. Yet, to someone outside the labor movement, it would seem that a trial period of suspension, or probation, of the teamsters under the eye of a watchdog committee—perhaps it could be the AFL-CIO's Ethical Practices Committee itself — might save face for both sides and, at the same time, generate pressure on Hoffa and his associates to democratize their union. If suspension is not practical, some variation might work; what is needed is to give the new

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leadership of the union an opportunity to show that it intends to put its house in order.

In any case, expulsion is not the answer. At best, the teamsters would be cut adrift to play the field alone, as did the International Association of Machinists when it disaffiliated, and Lewis' mine workers' union now does. At worst, the teamsters will seek to head a new federation consisting of other outcasts—the International Longshormen, perhaps the United Mine Workers and others. The result would be the familiar pattern of raiding—broken heads, wasted funds, helpless employers and confused workers.

The merger between the A.F. of L. and the C.I.O. is barely two years old, and close observers know that this merger, which was opposed by many, has never become a true marriage, but more nearly resembles two stiff-legged animals suspiciously circling each other. It seems to us that all of the prowess in negotiation, patience and statesmanship which men trained in the hard school of collective bargaining can bring to bear on this situation should be used to avoid another division in the already-divided labor movement.

NEXT DOOR to GROUND ZERO . . *by Ralph Friedman*

Las Vegas, Nevada

SOME MONTHS AGO, on a report-to-the-people type of program presented by a Los Angeles television station, four Congressmen from Southern California gathered in Washington, D.C., to discuss the issues of the day. After disposing neatly of the first few problems—at an average rate of two minutes per problem—the panel turned to the question of radioactive fallout, since one of the legislators present was Chet Holifield, who was soon to open committee hearings on the subject.

Turning to Representative Holifield, one legislator remarked that there seemed to be some concern about fallout in Los Angeles; but is it not a fact, he asked, that the bombs were never shot off when the wind drift was toward California? Representative Holifield replied that this indeed was a fact, and added heartily that California stood in no danger of receiving any fallout. The other legislators thereupon smiled at their constituents, Representative Holifield beamed assurance, and the talk switched to agriculture.

Not too many tests later, the fallout did come to California, but not to Los Angeles and Southwest California, which much of the nation—and most persons affected by fallout in Nevada and Utah—look upon as California proper.

On that day the people of San Francisco were startled to read such headlines in their local papers as: "Big Atom-Blast Fallout in Cal." and "S.F. Under A-Cloud." While the Disaster Office sought to calm the agitated community, a *United Press* dispatch reported "a tremendous reading of radioactivity" in Quincy, a Plumas County (California) logging town about 350 miles northwest of the Yucca Flat testing ground.

Quincy Geiger counters, which normally click forty times a minute, for a while clattered at the rate of 10,000 times a minute. Not uranium deposits, but radioactivity, was the cause.

The Atomic Energy Commission, with all the dispatch of an efficient fire brigade responding to a five-alarm blaze, poured in men and machines to sweep the streets, test the sweepings and conduct experiments upon persons and property. Before adequate findings could be made, an A.E.C. man told a Quincy resident: "This must be a fallout from a Russian test. It couldn't be ours. There was no wind capable of carrying the fallout here from Las Vegas." But it is doubtful if the people of Quincy were in the market for such fairyland comfort. They knew better. The A.E.C.'s propensity for making such statements simply increases the sense of insecurity of the men and women living in the fallout area.

EARLY IN July, I drove through some of the Nevada and Utah fallout area, talking to dozens of people. It is an area where you can find the kind of answers you are seeking, depending upon the specific locale and with whom you chance to speak. If you talk to Nevada stockmen and to families in small mining settlements—one of which has been moved recently because it was directly located on the fallout path—you come away convinced that the people regard A-bomb radiation as the greatest evil which has ever beset them.

Go into the Southwestern Utah towns, which also lie in a fallout path, and the reaction is not as severe. There is not the edgy, deeply emotional disturbance and anxiety, no specific dollar-and-cents bill of grievances to present to the government. But there is real concern, which manifests itself in this persistent question; "If there's no danger from fallout, why do they have to wait until the wind is right before they shoot the bombs off?"

Still, in terms of actual, immediate worry, most persons in the fallout area express more alarm about the Asian flu than about the danger of radiation. There is, of course, good reason for this. The government all but created an Asian flu epidemic before the first victim reached for his thermometer, while the same government, operating through another branch, has done a top-flight Madison Avenue public-relations job in playing down all issues relating to radiation.

The most atypical community in the fallout area is Las Vegas, the town closest to Ground Zero. It sits about sixty miles, as the crow flies, from the testing ground, but sits at the back door, which is closed

RALPH FRIEDMAN is a newspaperman and free-lance writer.

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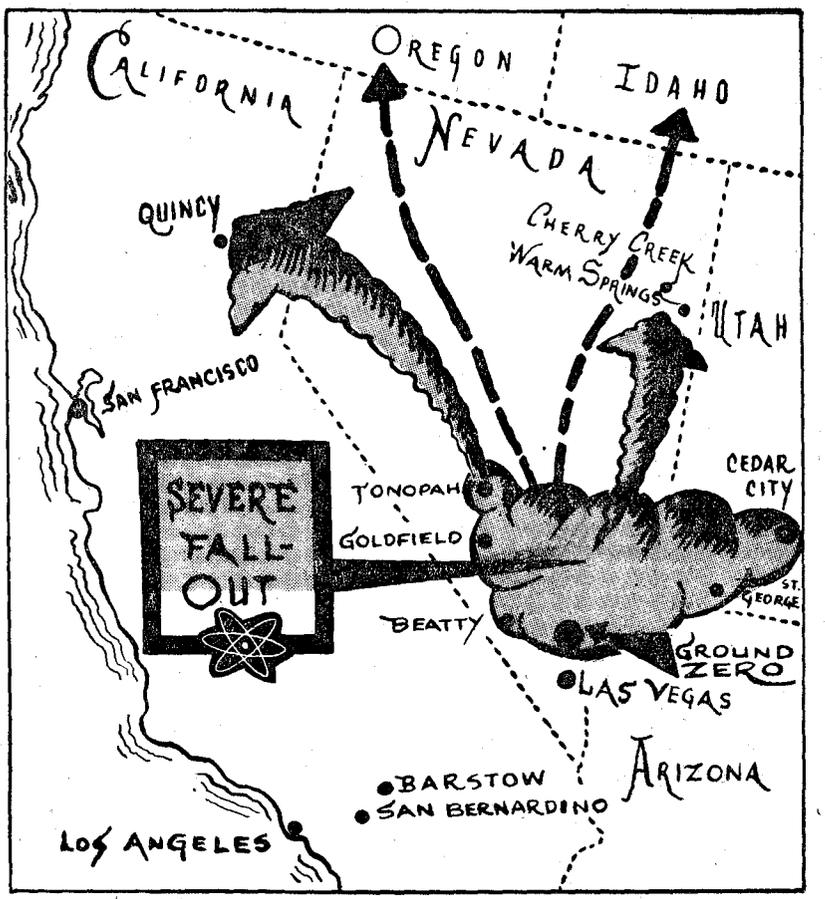
and bolted, so to speak, while the front door and East windows are open.

Las Vegas is "blasé" about the bomb. The word is not of my choosing, but I heard it so often I have come to accept it as apt.

"I don't know anyone around here who thinks the tests should be discontinued," said Roland Vaile, the affable young manager of the Las Vegas Chamber of Commerce. Such officials do not always reflect broad sentiment, but I believe that, in this case, Mr. Vaile does. I spoke to the president and secretary-treasurer of the Central Labor Council, and to at least five business agents of locals, asking each what he thought of continued A-bomb testing. "Keep it up," was the reply. In one union hall, I put the same question to eight Negro laborers. They were emphatic in their views—tests and more tests; radiation fallout was a lot of bunk; none of them was sick.



ONCE AGAIN, objective conditions clarify this seemingly perplexing attitude. The A-bomb means money for Las Vegas and jobs for labor. Your grandchildren may suffer—but that is in the future. The present has its own compelling demands.

Jack Pepper, the astute public-relations chief of the Las Vegas Chamber of Commerce, gave me the following official statement: "In the first three months of 1957, firms directly connected with serving the A.E.C. had a payroll of $4,186,000, and the lump sum contracted by private firms totaled $6,495,841." Even tourist business is increased by the A-bomb spectacle. "We estimate the explosions draw 2 per cent of all tourists who come here," said Mr. Pepper. The visitors drive to Indian Springs, forty-two miles northwest, or motor up a paved road to Angels Peak, on Mt. Charleston, for a view down the valley to Yucca Flat.

"This is a gambling town, a show camp, a promotion burg. It takes a big deal to 'send' the citizens," declared Bob Warren, city editor of the Las Vegas *Sun*. "After so many tests, how can you get excited? A couple of windows have been broken from time to time by rare concussions, but no one has been hurt. Not a scratch. I don't have any feelings one way or another, but I'll tell you this, the town doesn't care; it's blasé."

"But what about the statements issued by so many noted scientists on the fallout danger?" I asked. "Didn't they have any effect?"

"Oh," he replied blandly, "we printed them all right; we print anything that concerns us. But," and he smiled, "the slot machines and chorus lines drowned it out."

There are a few in Las Vegas, whose sensitivities are not overdulled, who read with deep sympathy about the petition to stop H-bomb tests recently circulated by Dr. Linus Pauling of California Tech. But they are the few—and, for the most part, the silent. One of the few is Rabbi Arthur B. Lebowitz, spiritual leader of the large Jewish community in Las Vegas.

"Continuing the tests is sheer madness," the gentle, cultured rabbi told me as we sat in his living room. "The tests ought to be banned, all over the world, for the sake of generations unborn, if not for ourselves. But I can't speak boldly. Rabbis can come and rabbis can go, but business interests have to be served."

Northwest and northeast of Las Vegas, on U.S. 91 and U.S. 95, the smugness about fallout rapidly dissipates. Drive through Beatty and Goldfield to Tonopah, or through Santa Clara, St. George, Washington and Pintura to Cedar City, and you climb the gradients of criticism and fear, with the high points reached on a line running West to East, partially along U.S. 6 from Tonopah to Cedar City.

It is in this rough triangle, especially in the area of U.S. 6 and the roads which connect it to U.S. 50, North, that acrimonious complaints have come from small settlements and stockmen. Put it another way: if one would construct a scale, starting with testing grounds as the nadir, the highest degree of adverse criticism in the triangle would come from the more sparsely populated areas due North, which comprise the prime, or high density, fallout regions.

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The overall direction pattern of the winds over Yucca Flat are to the North when the bombs are set off. Southward drifts would probably reach the greater Los Angeles area or the greater Phoenix area, and might even flow into Mexico, a calamity which would draw fire from Latin America.

EARLY IN June, Jim Deitch, writer for the Las Vegas *Sun*, undertook to interview the Fallinis, the Bardolis and the Sharps, second and third generation Nevada ranchers whose thousands of miles of cattle range are hidden in the hills and valleys of Twin Springs, Warm Springs and the Cherry Creek area, which lies almost due north of Ground Zero. When a bomb is detonated, the ranchers can see the now well-known mushroom cloud bloom behind the Reveille Range. Deitch wrote:

> The mushroom strings out, and sometimes it passes directly overhead, blotting out the sun and covering the valley with a dense fog.
>
> This passes over, but something unseen is left behind that makes their Geiger counters go crazy. Their eyes burn and sometimes the air has a chemical taste. Their cattle are afflicted with a horrible, cancerous eye infection; one of their dogs went stone blind and another developed an ugly malignant sore.
>
> A woman went completely bald and a young boy died of leukemia.

As with other ranchers, and with miners and residents of small towns in the fallout paths, the Fallinis and the Bardolis and the Sharps are well aware that the A.E.C. delays its nuclear experiments for day after day because the wind is wrong, "but when the wind blows their way everything is all right," reported Deitch. "When the wind heads the radioactive clouds from the bombs over a populous area, it is dangerous, possible deadly; but when it blows over them, it's perfectly safe."

The Warm Springs-Cherry Creek ranchers did not become overly upset about radiation until the "teapot" series of 1955, when a cloud from one of the tests spread a suffocating blanket over the area. Two years earlier, however, six outfits running sheep on ranges near the test site noticed grave changes taking place amongst their flocks after a series of detonations. The sheep grew sick, wool peeled off, scabs appeared, and though the stock continued to eat they kept fading away, until death. Lambs were born deformed. Almost all the sheep on the range died within a year or two.

One of the sheepmen is Doug Corey, a six-foot, husky, windburned, soft-spoken Utahan, with square jaw and penetrating eyes—the prototype of the Westerner. He lives in Cedar City, where I talked with him in his home.

"I figure it cost me $22,000 loss—which I'm having a hell of a time to get over, and I reckon I never will," said Corey grimly. "The other outfits lost from $20,000 to $60,000.

"This is something that's never happened before. Oh sure, we've had a lamb or two born deformed, wool peel off a few sheep, a few scabs appear—but that was the exception. What happened became a pattern—all the odd things on a big scale. I've been in the sheep business all my life and my father before me and we never saw anything like this. Veterinarians around here couldn't understand it."

Corey and the other sheepmen pooled their remaining resources, hired a lawyer, and brought suit against the U.S. Government, blaming the loss of their stock on radioactive fallout from A-bomb tests. The trial was held in Salt Lake City, September, 1956. The government brought in scientists from all over the country to disprove the sheepmen's claim. The court ruled against the grazers.

"We didn't have enough money to pay a single expert," said Corey bitterly. "But I still think it was fallout, and so do the other outfits . . . I'd sure like to see the tests stopped. They do an awful lot of damage to the whole world."

In St. George, Utah, where "film badges"—to detect fallout—furnished by the A.E.C. have become a common sight, the thing that bothers most people, said Mrs. Clyde W. Lyman, wife of the editor of the Washington County *News*, is again the question of wind. Time after time, Mrs. Lyman told me, she and her husband had driven to the testing grounds—a four-hour drive from St. George—only to be told the tests had been postponed. "Something must be wrong when the wind is so important," she declared. "If there's no danger of fallout, why do they care which way the wind blows? . . . We have a right to know if the government knows what it is doing or regards us as expendables."

DESPITE continued assurances by the A.E.C., the people of St. George are skeptical. They remember that two years ago the A.E.C. stopped all cars coming off the desert and ordered them washed at filling stations. People were told to stay indoors, and those who were out, prospecting, reported their Geiger counters ran wild. A pilot who flew to Las Vegas had his plane declared "hot" (intensely radioactive) and was grounded for a week.

Fifty-seven miles north of St. George lies Cedar City, a conservative, solidly Mormon agricultural center of seven thousand. The people are cautious, conformist and not easily excited. But the A-bomb clouds which pass over their town have rendered them uneasy. Morgan Rollo, editor of the Iron County *Record*, described the reactions of his fellow citizens: "One thing that perplexes us is the fact that the A.E.C. delays the tests when the winds aren't 'right.' If the breeze is going toward California, they don't shoot 'em. The A.E.C. plays down the fallout, saying not enough to do harm gets on anyone. But after the explosions, the Geiger counters run amuck when put close to sage. The way I see it—if it's on sagebrush it's on me."

Rollo then told a story which he used to emphasize the importance of wind direction.

"At the test observation point," he said, "cars are parked below the hill, about a quarter of a mile from the point. Once the A.E.C. gave the word: 'We're going to set this off, but the wind might shift. If it does we'll give the warning and we want you off this hill and into your cars as fast as you can run, and we don't mean maybe.'

"Another day," Rollo continued,

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"as I stood on the hill waiting for the explosion, fifteen seconds before zero they canceled it because the wind had suddenly shifted."

Once, while the people of the fall-out triangle were asking each other if they had been selected as expendables, a group of A.E.C. scientists were forced to flee the observation point by a sudden turn of wind which followed an explosion.

The area of apprehension is broadening as the tests continue. Persons outside but reasonably close to the triangle know that bombs can "goof and take a walk," as a Salt Lake City merchant said to me. "The fallout pattern," he observed, "was supposed to stretch out over the uninhabited area of central Nevada, but it took off, as though it had a mind of its own, and went past Reno and plumb over the mountains, and kept on going and dropping radioactive material until it was way over the ocean. Next time it might take a mind to visit Chicago." He was alluding to the "Quincy cloud," which for a day, at least, put that modest county seat of fifteen hundred on the front pages of newspapers in at least half a dozen states.

But Quincy was not alone in its roentgen visitation. Three radioactive clouds, following a single detonation, were spotted not only above Northern California, Northern Utah and Northern Nevada, but above Oregon and Idaho as well. On June 4 this year, the federal Public Health Service declared that "noticeably higher radioactive readings were reported in samples taken at Boise and Salt Lake City."

Even Southern California is not totally protected. The same Public Health Service announcement of radioactive clouds over the northern border areas also admitted that "slightly radioactive fallout was recorded in some . . . Southern California towns." And the *Associated Press* reported that a mining couple, Mr. and Mrs. Willis Amidon, who drove from Bishop to Barstow, "complained to police that they found themselves to be radioactive." The wire story said the couple "noticed upon arriving that their Geiger counter registered 10,000 clicks a minute on their clothes, 7,000 clicks on their bodies." The A.E.C., when notified, dismissed the 10,000 clicks a minute as "a reading far below the level of harmful radioactivity" and advised the Amidons to change their clothes and take a bath.

This is the same advice that has been given to countless others, a procedure which has prompted the question: "If fallout isn't harmful, why take a bath and change clothes?"

It might be stated, parenthetically, that Barstow is only 135 miles northeast of Los Angeles by road and less than 100 miles by air. It is a mere sixty direct miles from San Bernardino, a burgeoning city of 100,000.

A.E.C. publicists have the painful task of double-dealing. They tell the isolated stockmen and miners that they have nothing to worry about (though the A.E.C. moved a mining camp). They then tell the people of the cities that the tests are "safe" because the fallout comes to rest in "virtually uninhabited desert terrain."

To the latter rationale, the San Francisco *Chronicle* bitingly replied: "This creates an interesting new class of citizen: 'virtual uninhabitants.' Their voting density is slight; they are politically 'safe'—and virtually expendable."

What of "clean" bombs? I put this question to several persons in the fallout triangle and the answers add up to the following:

"If there is a 'clean' bomb, then we've been showered by radioactive fallout from 'dirty' bombs, which doesn't increase our confidence in the A.E.C., which has always denied that the 'dirty' bombs were dangerous. How can we now believe the A.E.C. about 'clean' bombs? And if there *are* 'clean' bombs, will they be shot off when the wind is blowing toward Los Angeles?"

ONE WOMAN'S FAMILY . . *by David Cort*

AS THE QUEEN of England was engulfed in the American woman's magazine myth of the perfect-mother-with-a-perfect-job, back home in England she was losing the argument. The English re-assess their royalty every generation or so, sometimes with the musket and the axe, and had chosen this moment to go at it again, though only with the typewriter. The English were, as usual, ahead of us on their own specialties, in this case royalty.

DAVID CORT, author of The Big Picture *and other books, is a frequent contributor.*

It began in August when a Lord Altrincham, second of the name, wrote that Queen Elizabeth II gave him the public impression of a priggish schoolgirl, captain of the school field-hockey team. Lord Londonderry, of an older creation, concurred that the Queen's courtiers looked to him like "flunkeys and lackeys . . . [with] the social squalor of the upper classes." Other people chimed in about her devotion to the race tracks and Prince Philip's taking their son, Charles, sailing. (Risky.) It was reported reproachfully that Charles was glum as he was dropped off at his father's old school, Cheam's, where he is liable to be caned. Instead, he caught the flu. Furthermore, two more of Princess Margaret's male companions—Nos. 16 and 17 in the series—engaged themselves to be married to other girls; and it was reported that she hasn't even a maid to pull on her stockings, and has vowed to die a spinster for love of Group Captain Townsend, divorced. The Queen's Consort, the Duke of Edinburgh, has a yen for a little more power, an explosive temper and a pal who is about to have a messy divorce. All in all, good solid soap opera. Can a good woman be a dutiful queen and still hold a reck-

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less young husband and rear her little ones?

The English chain reaction to Altrincham's modest remarks is interesting, perhaps less for itself, than as a prototype test in an unusually volatile test-tube of the modern total democracy's feelings toward any conspicuous symbol-figure, whether sovereign, politician or merely entertainer. But England is not America, and a queen is not exactly a movie actress.

To understand the English version of the phenomenon, one more piece of datum is needed. When Elizabeth gave birth to a second child, the British in Washington, D.C., gave a party to toast Anne's arrival. The Americans present were perplexed to see their English friends with tears in their eyes. What for? The tears didn't seem protocol.

THE ENGLISH are a vain, virile and ambitious race and do not cry over nothing. They are taught that their greatness has been continuous since 1066 and must be guaranteed eternity, but most of the men at this party knew better. Still, they are determined to believe it, and if they believe it hard enough it may become true. They have one "proof" of this continuity: the House of England. The tears for a new baby of that House were not sentimental; they were for all Englishmen and the resolution to keep the great show on the road. The English, it is suggested, are not kidding; not even Noel Coward is kidding. They know their history and believe in it. For example, the Imperial state crown has a great "ruby," which is actually a spinel, that Pedro the Cruel of Spain gave Edward the Black Prince in 1367 and Henry V wore at Agincourt "when it narrowly escaped destruction." To Englishmen, this is the most valuable ruby in the world, for Shakespeare gave an opinion on Agincourt, as follows:

Henry V:
"... And gentlemen in England now abed
Shall think themselves accursed
They were not here, and hold
their manhoods cheap whiles
any speake
That fought with us upon St. Crispin's Day."

Englishmen of certain classes even today have a terror of being abed on another St. Crispin's Day. The honor of being *there* will, they believe, last a thousand years. The English diplomats who wept for Princess Anne really wept because somehow they missed out on Agincourt, but happily there may be other Agincourts. The passion of continuity may be fully as serious as the passion of revolution: an historical phenomenon now somewhat neglected.

However, such feelings have been restricted to a group consisting of the upper classes and the lower classes who believed in the upper classes. (Notice that it is always "upper classes," correctly, to embrace the very different genealogies of the Montagus, Bohuns, Herberts, Stanleys, Churchills, Ponsonbys and Beaverbrooks.)

A mass-educated democracy, all of whom must fight for the realm, has enormously changed the problem of loyalty to either England or the House of England. This larger mass necessarily assays at the usual rate of cads, cowards, soreheads, screwballs, traitors, though the rate is probably higher in the Balkans, Egypt and India. These people must now be sold, in terms of their new, sometimes ill-fitted education, on the royal family.

The trouble, of course, comes from the more highly educated rabble, stimulated by the daring of an Altrincham or Londonderry, who in fact would like the old personal monarchy and have been given instead a young president of the Federation of Women's Clubs. Altrincham was just the fuse.

The responsible press lords saw the danger clearly. The London *Times* declined even to mention Altrincham. *The Spectator* said tolerantly, "The Royal Family has to be both ordinary and royal, and at any given moment some people will think that they are being too royal and insufficently ordinary, or too ordinary and insufficiently royal, while some, who are particularly hard to please, may even think that they are both too ordinary and too royal."

But Pandora's Box was now open, and the weird beasties were loose. In the October *Encounter*, John Osborne, author of the plays *Look Back in Anger* and *The Entertainer*, wrote that royalty "is dead, it is the gold filling in a mouthful of decay . . . as nourishing and useful as wax fruit under a glass case." He expected no more from a nation that found "her most significant myths in the idiot heroes" [of the Battle of Britain and the Royal Navy]. Obviously a gentleman who is quite happy to be abed on St. Crispin's Day.

Behind this attitude are "the angry young men," the educated lower classes whose pride in their own brains and talent leads them to dismiss everything else in the English tradition: royalty, loyalty, courage, continuity and calm. They feel themselves outside the Establishment, the corporate leadership of the *Times'* circulation, and they are determined to throw a voice right into the Palace.

AND WHO IS in the Palace? The conflict can be richly limned by giving the credentials of the four men who make up the Queen's official family.

Her private secretary is Lt. Col. Sir Michael Edward Adeane of Babraham, Page of Honor to George V, Coldstream Guards, Brooks and Guards Clubs, married to Helen Chetwynd-Stapylton of Ladygrove Farm, Didcot, Berks. His father was killed in action in November, 1914. His nickname is "Tea and Sympathy."

The press secretary is Richard Colville of Culross, 50, a younger branch of the Viscounts Colville, married to the daughter of General Halhed Brodrick Birdwood. His brother was killed at Dunkirk. The Colvilles, with the motto *"Oublier ne puis"* ("I cannot forget"), go back to the twelfth century.

The assistant secretary is the Hon. Martin Michael Charles Charteris, forty-four, brother of the 12th Earl of Wemyss (the real family name), 8th Earl of March (strictly, this title is extinct in Scotland) and Baron Elcho, Viscount Peebles, Lord Elcho and Methil, etc. His father was killed in 1916 and he married the daughter of Viscount Margesson.

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His mother was the daughter of the 8th Duke of Rutland. His family, whose motto is "This is our charter," also goes back to the twelfth century.

The Lord Chamberlain is Sir Lawrence Roger Lumley, sixty-one, 11th Earl of Scarbrough, Viscount Lumley, and Baron Lumley of Lumley Castle, Viscount Lumley of Waterford. His motto is *"Murus Aeneus Conscientia Sana"* ("brass wall clear conscience").* His brother was killed in action in October, 1914. His family also goes back to the twelfth century.

This is the crew that advises the Queen not to let Margaret marry the divorced Townsend (the head of Adeane's house is divorced), to keep her husband in line, to retain her father's and grandfather's courtiers (themselves and their families), and that writes her speeches. These are the people that Altrincham and Londonderry can't stand and that are sitting ducks for the "angry young men." Their strength lies in the Queen's loyalty—not to them, but to her father and grandfather.

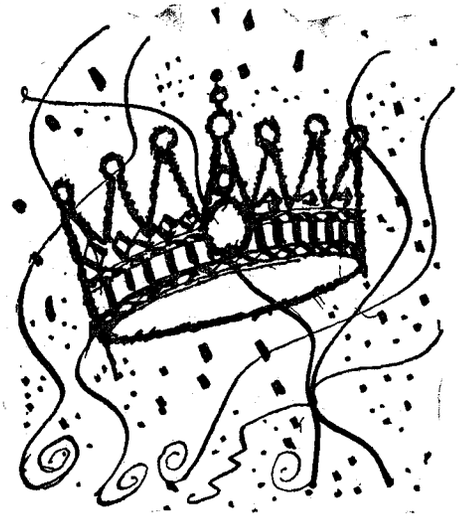
Yet the effects of their influence were probably the reason why public-opinion polls, starting anti-Altrincham, ended pro-Altrincham. The vote meant very little, but the royal family must be concerned if it meant anything at all.

ROYALTY WITHOUT constitutional power can only be criticized for its appearance, manners, morals and social talents, and no absolute judgment can be made on these; they are entirely a matter of taste and fashion.

In this connection, the recent genetic history of the House of England is interesting. Handsome mates were taken by Victoria, Edward VII, George V and Elizabeth II, modifying the original grossness of the Hanoverian line. The result is a pleasant, dolicocephalic Nordic type with the typical flat-topped skull, lank, light-brown hair and big nose. For whatever reason, George V produced a family of neurotics who married a number of fairly plain people, the exception being the Duchess of Kent. At the end, he was adamant on one point: His reign must end respectably, no matter what a mess Edward VIII's reign should be. He had his wish.

George VI was a most affectionate, but very shy, parent. His elder daughter was also shy, but is said to have grown more truly regal, whatever that means. However, we shall soon be able to see for ourselves.

If there were a vote, as for Miss Rheingold, I should vote for the younger girl, Margaret, on looks, charm and spirit. However, if women were voting, and considering that Elizabeth has Mama, the Duke and the kids working for her, the Crown would stay where it is.



Margaret's quality is that, like Grace Kelly, she is neither ordinary nor royal; she is a distinguished human being in her effect.

The strength and weakness of Elizabeth's household lies in its validity as soap opera—and some English papers half-brushed the recognition. In fact, a soap opera using these elements faithfully could knock *One Man's Family* out of the ratings. There are so many elderly, middle-aged and young problems in the family that you'd never run dry. It is soap opera that the wife in the palace gets the pay-check, that the husband therefore drives cars and plays polo the more recklessly, that the sister gaily eats her heart out, and there in the alcove are Adeane, Colville, Charteris and Lumley. It ceases to be soap opera when the characters start behaving unpredictably: in other words, as themselves. Prince Charles has already done this by turning out to be a pretty fair soccer player, even though glumly. Margaret is still a mystery to me, too.

The Queen of England does not have to be "ordinary"; she has the assets to be spectacular. I do not think she need be ashamed of a collection of jewelry whose value is usually quoted as $5,000,000, but is likely much greater. This is her own, not part of the Crown Jewels which include the great diamonds, Cullinan I and II. But Cullinans III to IX are personal property, as are the Russian "Fringe" tiara of solid diamonds, the Russian "Circles" tiara framing gigantic emeralds, her grandmother's diamond and emerald necklace, the Williamson pink diamond, etc. etc. The only rival collections are the one in the Kremlin and possibly those of the Nizam of Hyderabad, the Gaekwar of Baroda and the Maharajah of Patiala. Elizabeth's view of her baubles was that "it would look a bit much" if she wore them. This is about as unregal and boring as you can get. Somebody has to own the great gems. So she does. So wear 'em.

THE ONLY fatal mistake the Queen is likely to make is to be a bore. A boring royalty is uneconomical, at these prices. There is no valid objection to being a little splendid now and then, if possible. And part of the Queen's job is to make England interesting enough to keep Englishmen in it.

Whether or not in boredom, Englishmen are emigrating out of England in increasing numbers. A Cambridge University survey this year showed that 39 per cent of male undergraduates polled in their second and third years were thinking seriously of emigrating. For women undergraduates, it was nearly 50 per cent. The poll was indicative, but not guaranteed; only a small proportion answered it and three disqualified votes were for beachcomber in Bali, gigolo on the Riviera and for joining "a glorious cousin in Venezuela." The serious plurality

*The old guard's mottos are typically intransigeant. Lord Altrincham's family motto, in the new vein, is *"servire et sevare"* ("to serve and be independent"). He is also Eton, Oxford, Grenadier Guards.

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wanted to go to Canada, where they may be joined by the Queen Mother as the next Governor-General.

BEFORE WE LEAVE this matter of royalty, perhaps forever, it should be noted that dynastic law is not the only way to pick kings and queens. Haakon of Norway was elected in 1905 by popular ballot. Monaco got a Princess née Grace Kelly because the Prince was smart and lucky; a popular vote could not possibly have done as well, and would not have had any standing with Grace, even if it had picked her. The American press outdid the British press in caddishness on the occasion of that wedding. Especially memorable were Dorothy Kilgallen's notes at the civil ceremony: "Grace sat like an image carved of ice . . . Doe-like blue eyes which were heavily made up like a ballerina's . . . Only once did she move a muscle, and that was to adjust her skirt; she tucked it in, the way a fashion model would, to show the outline of her thigh . . . The cords in her neck stood out . . . just an American girl striving to look truly regal." Later she had Grace's mother "strutting down the aisle with a gleam of triumph."

The Queen of England need not worry about Kilgallen's reception this time; it will be frightfully friendly. Who knows, the Queen might give her one of those emeralds. But Elizabeth should note that the American press does not play as clean as Altrincham.

THE TRAINING of SCIENTISTS

In the hot debate now proceeding on why the USSR beat the United States to outer space, one fact frequently mentioned is the greater stress laid by the Soviet Union on scientific and technological education. Here, Joshua Kunitz, author of Russia: the Giant That Came Last *and other books on the USSR and Soviet literature, analyzes the Soviet Union's educational system; in the article immediately following Mr. Kunitz's, Maxwell Griffith, engineer and novelist* (Port of Call, The Gadget Maker), *takes up a special aspect of the American educational system—the institutes of technology from which most of our scientists graduate.*

1. Revolution in Soviet Education . . *by Joshua Kunitz*

The victory by Soviet scientists in the race to launch the first man-made moon came as no surprise to those who are familiar with the development of Soviet pedagogy.

Soviet higher institutions of learning, according to the U.S. National Science Foundation, in 1955 turned out 126,000 scientists, of whom 59,000 were in engineering; the United States, in the same period, graduated 59,000 scientists, of whom only 22,589 were in engineering. Later figures indicate that this better than 2 to 1 ratio in favor of the USSR continues. Moreover, while in the last few years the Soviet output of applied scientists has been rising steeply, ours has fallen by 50 per cent since 1950 (although the graph showed a small upturn this year).

As to the quality of Soviet scientific training, the consensus is that it is excellent. According to an expert writing for the *New Statesman and Nation*, for instance, "Soviet training in mechanical engineering is perhaps the most impressive in the world."

Seemingly no more flattering to us is the comparison of primary and secondary schools in the two countries. In the Soviet Union, primary and secondary schooling is completed in *ten* years; here it takes *twelve* years. Yet the Soviet results, according to press reports, are superior to ours. Thus, whereas an American youngster can graduate a secondary school with only elementary algebra and one of the sciences (usually biology), a Soviet youngster must have elementary, intermediate and advanced algebra, plane and solid geometry, trigonometry, calculus, mechanical drawing, physics, chemistry and biology. These make up 40 per cent of the Soviet curriculum; the remaining 60 per cent comprises languages (native and foreign), literature, history, geography, etc. Naturally, home assignments are heavy, examinations are stiff and discipline is rigid. By the time a Soviet youngster finishes his secondary school, he is possessed of an all-round education, while his knowledge in mathematics and the sciences, we are given to understand, approximates that of an American college sophomore who has majored in these subjects.

Such a curriculum requires many teachers. And, indeed, the total number of teachers in the Soviet secondary-school system is much greater than in ours, especially in mathematics and science—350,000 in the Soviet schools as against 130,000-140,000 in ours. Besides, to quote the *New Statesman and Nation* again, "The pay and, even more, the status of science teachers have been kept very high in Russia—considerably higher, for example, than the status of the medical profession"; and, we may add, much higher as regards status than that of their American counterparts. Also, it should be borne in mind that whereas a Soviet teacher must be a specialist in his subject, in many areas here teachers instruct in subjects in which they have no special training.

Small wonder that last year we began to hear voices of alarm. Our schools, we were warned, were slipping, and our colleges, too—they

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didn't produce enough scientists, specialists, teachers. "Viewed simply in terms of America's technological future," wrote Ruth Dunbar in the *Saturday Review*, "the situation is serious. It takes on the aspect of a crisis when seen in the light of developments in Russia . . . Lewis L. Strauss, chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, and Willard F. Libby, a commission member, have warned that the United States faces disaster if Russia continues to win the cold war of the classrooms."

Others echoed the warning—educationists, columnists, editorialists, professional organizations. The "war of the classrooms" was an issue in the last Presidential campaign. The reactionaries in education, who have long been fighting the progressive tendencies in our schools, pointed to the Soviet schools as a model and demanded that we impose more discipline, more prescribed subjects, fewer fancy theories and experiments and "snap courses," more science, more hard work. Paradoxical? In a way. But the real paradox consists in the fact that while the reactionaries, for their own ends, have been painting a picture of an ideally proficient Soviet school, the Soviet educators themselves, encouraged by the post-Stalin "thaw," are now in the midst of a sweeping revaluation and radical reconstruction of their entire educational system.

DURING THE FIRST decade of the Bolshevik Revolution, the Soviet schools were in a ferment of experimentation. Partly as a reaction to the old Czarist schools with their rigid curricula, discipline, examinations, sex-separation, uniforms and high tuition fees, and partly in adjustment to the lack of classrooms, textbooks, teachers and well-defined perspectives, Soviet educators toyed with all kinds of advanced educational theories and methods: no rigid curricula, no uniforms, no tuition fees, co-education, the "project" and "complex" methods, manual training, polytechnical training, educational communes, etc. John Dewey was the rage. In a period of revolutionary change, a bold, independent, revolutionary youth was, they thought, a great desideratum.

Then came the Five Year Plans of industrialization and collectivization with their insatiable demand for technicians and scientists of all kinds. Suddenly it was discovered that the products of the progressive schools, though fine Bolsheviks, were woefully unprepared for the new tasks. Undisciplined, heedless of authority, possessed of little specialized knowledge, many of them proved incapable of composing a report or a literate business communication, or of handling the simplest problems in mathematics or science. Factories, farms, government bureaus and universities raised a clamor for a change in the educational system.

With Stalin's iron hand at the helm, a complete turnabout was executed. Within a few years all traces of permissiveness were obliterated: teacher authority, harsh discipline, and uniform curricula and textbooks were established; uniform standards of accomplishment imposed and uniform apparel for students decreed. Soon came the separation of sexes in the secondary schools, and even the imposition of tuition fees, albeit rather modest. Special emphasis was placed on science and mathematics, an emphasis that corresponded not only to the immediate needs of the country, but to the whole scientific orientation of Marxism-Leninism. If the American motto has been *In God We Trust*, the Soviet motto became *In Science We Trust*. Youth was called upon to master science in order to build the Communist paradise.

The accomplishment of the successive Five Year Plans, the achievement of the Soviet armies in the last war, the successes of Soviet science in splitting and fusing atoms, building intercontinental missiles and launching the first satellite, as well as the emergence of Soviet technology as a weapon in diplomacy, testify to the effectiveness of the educational measures carried out by Stalin. The results have created fear and envy in the West.

NOW THERE IS nothing wrong in our competing with the Soviet schools, or even in emulating some of their methods. But we must be circumspect. The truth is that the Stalin system, while spectacularly successful in producing the engineers the Soviets needed, at the same time generated a plethora of defects. For instance, the Soviets have discovered that sex-separation in the secondary schools produced far from satisfactory results, and that the stimulus boys and girls derived from studying together was beneficial both psychologically and scholastically. Accordingly, co-education has been restored in the whole school system. Again, a check on the health of the Soviet students revealed that they had been cruelly over-worked; as a consequence, the tendency now is to reduce home work as much as possible and to rely more on improved class work. There has also been a trend toward reducing the number of tests, and retaining final annual examinations only in the seventh to tenth years.

Over-work brought on disciplinary problems which were aggravated by the rigidity of the curriculum, its failure to take into account individual inclinations and capacities. Everybody studied the same things and took identical examinations. Those who fitted the program survived, ultimately finding their way to the universities and the swelling ranks of highly paid and greatly honored pure and applied scientists; others fell by the wayside as truants, delinquents, repeaters, failures, yes, and suicides! Accordingly, Soviet pedagogical journals are now agitating for more elastic curricula and even for a modified system of electives. Child psychologists, banished from the school system at the height of the Stalin era, are now being summoned back to help work out a new program of studies.

Another defect in the Stalin schools was the over-stress on book learning. This not only hampered the development of manual skills, but also fostered a contempt for physical labor. Everybody was encouraged to become an engineer, a scientist or an ideologist; few were prepared for, or desired to take up, humbler work. As *Pravda* complained, "Some who fail to enter college prefer to be supported for years by their parents awaiting an opportunity to get into

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some institute." The result, it seems, has been a rich supply of top-flight pure and applied scientists and a critical shortage of competent people to do the medium- and lower-level jobs, jobs which ultimately are as essential to the proper functioning of a society as the more exalted ones. Accordingly, at the Twentieth Party Congress, Khrushchev urged a revision of the secondary-school curriculum "to include greater production specialization, so that boys and girls who finish ten-year school have a good general education opening the road to a higher education, and at the same time are prepared for practical activity, since no small number of those leaving school will at once start to work in various branches of the national economy."

This is now being done with considerable verve. The current slogan is "polytechnical education." Manual instruction has been introduced in the third and fourth years; training in workshops and on experimental plots of land in the fifth, sixth and seventh years; and instruction in the principles of production—industrial and agricultural—in the three upper classes. Tuition fees have been again abolished, and the "project" and "complex" methods—though the terms are still shunned—in practice are being reintroduced in many schools.

IN SHORT, what we see in Soviet education is a partial revival of the ideas and methods of the early years of the Revolution. Soviet reports are unanimous as to the results: less fatigue, better motivation for classroom studies, better discipline and higher average marks in *all* academic subjects. Also, high school graduates, it is reported, are now less averse to entering industry and agriculture while they study for professional degrees in night schools or through correspondence courses. If these reports are true, then the major defect bequeathed by the Stalin system is being liquidated, and the Soviets will be assured of a steady and growing supply of competent people for the medium- and lower-level jobs. At the same time, the output of pure and applied scientists, it is asserted, will continue to mount. A 50 per cent increase is projected for 1960.

But the production of scientific and technical personnel, while it has high priority, apparently is not the USSR's only concern. They want—within their own rigid Soviet framework, to be sure—a healthy, moral, cultured and loyal population. Carefully pruned and slanted, the arts, literature, music, sports, foreign languages are taught and encouraged. Extra-curricular activities in all kinds of circles, literary, artistic, as well as scientific, are an essential part of school life. Special instructors are assigned to teaching morals and manners. The *Pioneer* and *Comsomol* organizations foster political consciousness and social responsibility in every school. Indeed, it is this broader concern over creating a well-rounded Communist man, rather than the special concern over scientific and technical cadres, that lies behind the grandiose plan, advanced by Khrushchev, to cover the whole country with a network of boarding schools which would take in infants and train them, in ideally controlled conditions, through nursery, kindergarten and the ten-year school, and thus enable the pedagogues and psychologists, unhampered by parental interference, to fashion paragons of Communist virtue. A number of such schools is already being built for orphans and children of working parents. The future will determine the merit or lack of merit of the plan; here I merely wish to point out that the Soviet pedagogical journals, in discussing the proposal, lay extraordinary stress not only on the scientific and technical, but also on the esthetic and ethical development of the prospective wards.

SUCH, in brief, is the picture of the searches, failures and accomplishments of Soviet education. Some things the Soviets do we in the United States simply cannot do: our society, our values, our governmental structure do not permit. Some of our educational handicaps are deeply embedded in our culture and nothing immediate can be done about them to meet the present educational crisis. We can do nothing immediate to remove popular distrust of the intellectual, or to change our youngsters' worship of baseball and movie stars into worship of a Salk or an Einstein, or to change our worship of material success into worship of intellectual and spiritual accomplishment, or to transform our great communications media from dispensers of low-grade entertainment to spreaders of enlightenment and culture. We are not a one-party state, we have not a Stalin or a Khrushchev, we cannot overnight decree a complete change in our cultural and educational attitudes. This being the case, we cannot possibly hope to create here the all-pervasive dedication to science, the faith in it, the zeal in pursuing it, the almost religious reverence for it, created by the Soviets. Theirs is rapidly becoming a monistic scientific culture; ours is bound to remain, so long as we are what we are, a pluralistic culture of contradictory elements.

EVEN SO, many things the Soviets do, we can do—and do better. For this, despite the hysterical demands of the reactionaries, we need sacrifice not one iota of the progressive, humanist, democratic traditions of our schools. All we need do is use our considerably greater material resources. We can build more and better schools with finer laboratories, finer playgrounds, more attractive textbooks. We can obtain more and better teachers by raising the economic and, hence, the social status of the teaching profession. We can institute hundreds of thousands of federal, as well as private, scholarship grants and loans, and thus open the portals of our colleges and universities to hundreds of thousands of superior high school graduates and potential scientists who are annually forced to drop their studies for lack of funds. Some moves in this direction have been made during the last year. Much more can and must be done. We can create an abundance of scientists, scholars, engineers, philosophers, artists, technologists, if only we give less of our thought and substance to our cold wars in the classrooms and elsewhere and devote more of our energy and resources to genuine peaceful co-existence.

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2. "Tech" and American Industry . . *by Maxwell Griffith*

LIKE A GREAT tree supporting a mesh of vines and parasitic growths, the industrial corporation is entangled with many dependent enterprises. One of the most hopelessly snarled of the parasites is our system of collegiate technical education.

When the techniques of mass-production became so involved that the ordinary mechanic was no longer able to advance machine design, industry demanded a worker whose skill was mental rather than manual. The response was the university's School of Engineering and the technological institute—"Tech" of some form or name—which trained the required worker, the engineer. As technology grew still more complex, Tech fragmented its curriculum until today its graduates are Ceramic Engineers, Textile Engineers, Sanitary Engineers—*kinds* of engineers. Tech's principal function is to provide the intellectual tools requisite to a certain type of job in an industrial corporation.

Having this purpose, Tech requires the undergraduate to choose a specialized field soon after matriculation. Thereafter, the youth must assimilate not only fundamental precepts, but technical details pertaining to his specialty. As a consequence, Tech has nearly eliminated the study of history, art, economics, philosophy and languages. In essence, the student has been forced to choose his life's work while being denied a glimpse into "other worlds" which, conceivably, might urge him to another, more congenial choice. And despite Commencement-speech paeans to Science and Research, he will, as a specialist, be graduated with only a sketchy understanding of the basic structure of matter. Tech and the spring swarm of corporation personnel-recruiters will have conspired to leave him not only dead to knowledge of the wellsprings of our economic and political institutions, but lacking the broad scientific background essential to original professional thinking.

But oddly, after having fostered specialization in the training of the Tech student, the corporation turns around and promptly "de-specializes" the graduate. A youth having a degree in Aeronautical Engineering, for example, will undoubtedly be hired by the aircraft industry (with such a degree, he might well have difficulty in finding employment elsewhere). Yet, relatively few aircraft company employees deal directly with the mechanics of flight, the study of which has earned the student his degree; most engineer-employees are assigned to structural analysis, tool design, vibration study, a miscellany of tasks which are pertinent to many end-products as well as to aircraft. Nevertheless, acting on a principle termed "enlightened self-interest," the corporation continues to support trade-school specialization.

THIS "enlightenment" produces a corporate philanthrophy which is necessary and beneficial to Tech, but the "self-interest" is often too weighty a factor. The most direct form of corporation philanthropy is the scholarship awarded the lad who will study for a degree which the company deems most desirable for its prospective employees to have. More subtle, and more advantageous to the corporation, is a restricted gift to Tech itself—say, a steel company's donation of a new metallurgical laboratory. On the surface, this would seem a wholly altruistic gift. But once the new facility exists, Tech must devote a part of its manpower and income to its operation. If necessary, a School of Metallurgy will have to be founded; or, if it already exists, enlarged. In time, more metallurgists will be graduated, and Tech's professors will use the laboratory for experimentation which the donator may find useful. The school does derive advantage: modern laboratories in which faculty members may conduct research is one of Tech's few potent weapons in the struggle to retain the services of teachers who frequently see yesterday's graduate student become tomorrow's corporation employee earning more than a professor's salary. But the corporation is an equal beneficiary, at the very least: its gift has deepened its pool of potential employees, demonstrated its concern for education, earned a tax credit, and indirectly hired the talents of teacher-scientists who could not be induced to become employees.

"Sponsored research" — the employment of a college to seek solutions of specific problems—is another relationship which the corporation apparently views as generous financial support. Such misuse of the educational system was an indispensable expedient in World War II; radar was perfected in college laboratories, and the first successful nuclear reactor stood on a university campus. It can be argued that a nation bound to technology and nagged by a possibility of war must permit the theoretical exploration which, perhaps, only places of learning can conduct in a climate of intellectual curiosity and detachment. Nevertheless, such diversion of the educational system from its primary function, teaching, can only be detrimental if long continued. That Tech is deeply involved in this sideline may be concluded from the fact that, last year, Cal Tech, M.I.T., Stanford, Tulane and the Case Institute of Technology used a grant from the Ford Foundation to form a corporation whose purpose is to conduct analyses of weapons systems for the government.

This type of generosity brought a polite plaint from James R. Killian, Jr., president of M.I.T.: "At present the Institute's chief research support comes through 'sponsored research.' This support is invaluable, and much of it is provided in such a manner that it affords great freedom in supporting pure research. This outside support, however, needs to be supplemented by funds under the control of our administration and faculty so that we can give more encouragement to disinterested curiosity and open-ended research—to people rather than projects and programs. The nation needs more of this kind of research."

YET IS anything seriously wrong? Through fifty years the present rela-

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tionship between Tech and industry has endured, and in that time technology has advanced to wonders almost beyond dreaming. Synthetic fibers, computers, plastics, television: these are but a few of a multitude of items which have created new industries within a decade. The system which spawned such technical inventiveness has, indeed, been successful—too successful: its own obsolescence is signaled by a shortage of engineers; by managerial musings that, maybe, engineers would be more creative if they had studied the humanities; and by professorial musing that, perhaps, a bachelor degree worthy of today's technically complex industry requires a five-year period of instruction. Despite these first warnings, the corporation has not yet realized that the source and the quality of its technical brainpower are endangered.

The corporation itself shares Tech's danger, for today one of every three chief executives of major industrial concerns has been trained as an engineer (a logical result of the fact that the managements of modern industry must be capable of evaluating technological progress). Yet, as a rule, the manager-engineer has decided weaknesses as a manager: schooled to compute an exact answer, he does not deal well with so intangible a matter as human relations; he is prone to slowness in making decisions and stiff-necked when compromise is required. Business leaders do emerge from engineering departments, just as brilliant scientists develop under Tech's system of specialized training, but industrialization is too vital a part of our civilization to leave development of business leadership solely to chance.

THERE ARE two ways in which an engineering student can be taught. One way is to train him in a restricted field; the second is to educate him, to acquaint him with cultural tradition while grounding him thoroughly in fundamentals basic to all the technical specialties. Admittedly, some selectivity in professional study is required, but in an era which has proved the so-called "sciences" are manifestations of one vast fact of nature, the existing twenty-odd categories of engineering instruction are little more than farcical. Engineers may be the workaday intermediaries between the scientist and the production line, but common sense dictates that their skills range toward the flexible imaginativeness of pure science.

No method of instruction, however, can be a success if the instrument of instruction is inadequate; and in common with the entire educational system, Tech confronts a financial crisis which, if left unresolved, will reduce it to mediocrity. The facts of crisis are well known: underpaid teachers; constant inflation which fattens tuition fees while thinning the yield of endowments; the hunger of prospering industry and an expanding government for men with college degrees; the demand of a burgeoning population for a college education for its youth. To meet these demands, it has been estimated that the nation's 1,300 institutions of higher learning require an additional $800 million *each year* for the next ten years.

Corporate giving to education has increased considerably in the past several years, both in amount and in the number of contributors. An opinion of this trend has been stated by the Council for Financial Aid to Education (a non-profit corporation established by business men and educators for the purpose of encouraging financial assistance to higher education): "Operating in a field which is new to them, the top management personnel and their aids in many of the nation's best known business concerns are *doing a job*. They have accepted a responsibility and are discharging it well. They are developing aid-to-education programs with thoughtful care, with high intelligence, and with an eye to the national interest as well as—and in some cases even more than—the company interest."

The good job so admired by the council resulted in grants to higher education in 1956, for all purposes, of almost $100,000,000. One per cent of total corporate income in 1956, however, was $427,000,000. And in the single instance of Mr. Killian's M.I.T., the "doing a job" meant that the grants of our largest industrial corporation, General Motors, plus that of fifty-six other corporate organizations acting through the National Merit Scholarship, enabled fifty freshmen to matriculate—this in a year when 2,300 freshmen-aspirants applied to M.I.T. for financial aid.

THE SUMS needed for education are so vast that they can come only from two sources: the federal government or private enterprise. Viewed in one light, the corporation is the business form in which our liberty has found expression; if the source of the corporation's technical skills slips under federal subsidization and attendant federal control, that particular form of liberty is lost. If governmental interference is to be precluded, however, intermittent corporate charity and a few spectacular gifts from giant corporations are woefully insufficient. Like the more numerous small-income taxpayers, the smaller and more numerous corporations must, in their own interest, give Tech sustained and generous assistance. The time has come when the smaller corporation can no longer "grab 'em when they graduate," while leaving Tech the problem of providing adequate education.

Engineering, if not already the largest of the recognized professions, will soon count more members and conceivably will have more influence upon the daily life and history of this land than any other. As a profession, it has grown too rapidly to establish ethics and goals equal to those which tradition has given to law, and which the high purpose of healing gives to medicine. The kind of profession engineering will become, the kind of citizen its practitioner will be, rests in great degree upon the profession's creator and chief employer, the industrial corporation. If the corporation can free Tech from an enforced vocational slant, if it can ensure the prospective engineer an educational experience that is broadening, meaningful and rich in traditional spiritual values, it will have demonstrated a true enlightenment and self-interest. Tech's graduate will then know more than how to answer questions. He will know which questions are worth asking.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

The Image of Leadership

A PROPHET IN HIS OWN COUNTRY. By Kenneth S. Davis. Doubleday & Co. 510 pp. $5.

THE NEW AMERICA. By Adlai E. Stevenson. Edited by Seymour E. Harris, John Bartlow Martin and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. Harper and Bros. 285 pp. $4.50.

Paul Breslow

ADLAI STEVENSON symbolized and himself partially wrought a change in American liberalism which has been unnoticed by liberals themselves. Essentially, it has been a change in emphasis and approach, a matter more of style and tone than of program. Faith has entered the picture.

To pin down the change is a difficult matter for most of us who supported Stevenson. His utterances on the hydrogen bomb, his wit and rhetoric have been interpreted, justifiably, as glorious anomalies in a dismal political period. Rather than lessening his stature in the eyes of his admirers, Stevenson's defeats have given him a kind of sad nobility. There was even a note of masochistic glee in some of the liberal comments on the 1956 election and no one seemed to notice that during the campaign many Stevenson supporters found themselves supporting positions that verged on contradiction of their professed beliefs.

With the exception of Herbert Lehman, no one in the Stevenson leadership seemed to think that any major mistakes had been made by the Democratic Party. Thomas K. Finletter was quoted to the effect that slicker advertising techniques would be necessary in the future. Governor Meyner of New Jersey felt that heroic leadership, as exemplified by F.D.R., was more significant than what was done or said. Stevenson himself seems immune to the kind of criticism which liberals direct against the Administration. The personality cult which has developed around President Eisenhower is certainly not present, but a cult of the intellect has been noticeable, although (of course) a moderate one. For instance, when Stevenson returned from Africa and urged passage of the compromised voting rights bill, only Thurgood Marshall said that this remark was "too little and too late," and even he said it softly. At the beginning of the Arkansas affair, Stevenson said that he was "deeply grieved by the action of my friend, Governor Faubus," which one would have thought was a minimal contribution. However, most liberals insist that we know from Stevenson's whole approach and from his general observations on integration that he would have acted firmly and courageously. Do we really? And if we do, is this kind of faith in what a President will accomplish sufficient for the fulfillment of liberal political goals?

From this standpoint, the two present volumes make particularly interesting reading. *A Prophet in His Own Country* is a very nice family album type of biography which, in addition to the fact that it is a clearly written story of a fascinating man's career, will help the reader who wants to theorize about the personal motivation of a political leader.

ANY collection of campaign speeches is likely to have its dull spots, but some of the 1956 Stevenson speeches, gathered in *The New America*, are readable and timely. These documents do not have the remarkable quality of the 1952 speeches (published in 1953 by Random House); the reason for that, say Schlesinger and Harris in their introduction, is that Stevenson in 1956 felt compelled to offer "a sober and concrete presentation of the programs he had in mind." The speeches, however, are considerably less specific and concrete than they sounded at the time, except when financial matters are discussed. Also included in the book are the "program papers" released during the campaign. It is a curious fact that, in spite of the great talent possessed by Stevenson and his writers, these papers are rather diffuse and unappealing.

These two books and the others about Stevenson engender the most disquieting feeling that there is very little that anyone can do about the problems discussed. The prevailing, unspoken doctrine is that the solution is to be vicarious, accomplished by means of identification with Stevenson or some other figure. In other words, we are brought to support a style of leader, rather than an instrument of policy. The means, Stevenson, becomes the end. That was the basis for the widespread manipulative scheming by the liberals who failed to fight for a strong civil rights plan at the 1956 Democratic convention.

The tone of Stevenson's liberalism is suggested by three aspects of his political activity:

(1) When Governor Stevenson was first nominated by the Democrats in 1952, his ascendancy was presented as a triumph of "amateur" politicians, who were pure and disinterested in their motives, over professionals who were tinged with corruption or ambition. The reluctant Governor of Illinois, about whose record almost no one outside of Illinois was informed, spoke his brilliant welcoming message to a convention desperately searching for a leader not closely associated with the Truman Administration, the Korean war or what could be called radicalism.

While on the one hand appearing as a candidate whose suitability for the Presidency was enhanced by personal reluctance to seek office and by an amateur status in relationship to the Illinois party machine, on the other hand he became a unifier and a moderate with the supposed practical virtue of binding to the national party the most conservative elements in the South.

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This, like his independence from Washington, was achieved through an almost deliberate lack of commitment to a specific program. Davis claims in his biography that the style of Stevenson's political approach developed on the personal level much earlier in his career—he presents it as a maturing of human judgment and a developing perception of man's tragic fallibility. Be this as it may, there is no denying the fortunate coincidences which made political expedience harmonize with personal integrity. To say this is not to accuse Stevenson of opportunism, but to suggest that from the start the developing emphasis on style—or "quality" as some might prefer to call it—had political implications.

(2) When questions of civil rights have been at issue, Stevenson has shown a reluctance for forceful intervention. He has combined an enlightened support of principle with a weak program, to produce an attitude without much substance.

Any criticism of Stevenson on civil rights has usually been met with the assertion that he endorsed the Supreme Court decision, even having done so on one occasion in Little Rock, Arkansas. What the new liberals fail to see is that a liberal attitude without active concern and action is very much a fugitive and cloistered virtue. In practice, it is true, the distinction may become subtle to some people, but an appropriate attitude is not hard to define. Why should Stevenson have opposed the Powell amendment, for one thing? That proposal would simply have provided a financial incentive to school desegregation. Yet, in his zeal for education, Stevenson not only expressed opposition to the idea, but made it a major issue, conveying the impression that more money for the public schools was in itself so great a good that other questions became subordinate. It is as if the Stevensonites were afraid that no audience exists for a strong program for equality and were convinced that attempts to develop one would be futile.

(3) As a member of the amorphous group which constitutes the American Establishment, Stevenson may lack the personal experience which would crystallize his humanitarian sentiments on the segregation question. (The only significant contact Davis mentions between Stevenson and Negroes involves servants.) However, his biographer documents his competent performance as a diplomat and confirms the impression that it is in the field of foreign policy that the Governor has most to contribute. His emphasis upon underdeveloped areas, the necessity of nuclear test suspension and disarmament agreement were the highlights of his campaigns. The contrast between Stevenson's proposals and the recent newspaper manifestoes of former President Truman has suggested the beginning of a new period in the attitude of liberals toward foreign policy.

It must be said again, though, that the force of Stevenson's ideas has been blunted by a somewhat condescending preoccupation with matters of technique and form. Repeatedly in the 1956 collection of speeches Stevenson criticizes Republican foreign policy for inconsistency between speech and action or between principles and performance. "The administration has noisily 'unleashed' Chiang Kai-shek, huffed and puffed about Indochina, threatened massive atomic retaliation, and scolded, boasted and bluffed—while at the same time presiding over the reduction of our armed strength." Many people must have wondered how much truth there was to the accusation that the Democrats comprise a "war party" when, instead of clear statements of positive policy, they were given expositions of the inconsistencies of Mr. Dulles who, after all, has not yet gone over the brink. As if there were something terribly vulgar and dogmatic about the Republican exploitation of the desire for peace, Stevenson has tended to confuse manipulative techniques with the core of policy.

In *Waiting for Godot* the following exchange occurs:

> ESTRAGON: I can't go on like this.
> VLADIMIR: That's what you think.
> ESTRAGON: If we parted? That might be better for us.
> VLADIMIR: We'll hang ourselves tomorrow. (*Pause.*) Unless Godot comes.
> ESTRAGON: And if he comes?
> VLADIMIR: We'll be saved.

If liberals persist in their delusion that some national prophet is going to save them, they will wind up like Vladimir and Estragon, going nowhere on a bare stage. Adlai Stevenson is a good man of great talents. He is not a prophet. Whether American political life can be enriched in a deeper sense than the cultivation of skills and expressive techniques is the problem he has set for us. It is, in fact, probably his greatest accomplishment that his failures as well as his successes can be given meaning in that "everlasting battle" of liberalism.

Art of Compromise

OPUS POSTHUMOUS. By Wallace Stevens. Alfred A. Knopf. 300 pp. $6.75.

Kenneth Rexroth

WALLACE STEVENS was a great favorite with the wives of mediocre poets. "What do you mean," they'd say, "you can't stand it another year at Corncrake College? Next year you'll be an assistant professor, and besides, look at Wallace Stevens; he's head of a big insurance company and it don't interfere with *his* creativity. He's the American Laforgue and Valéry together. What more do you want?"

Now I don't much like either Laforgue or Valéry, but he wasn't. The terrible truth to tell, he wrote precisely like an insurance executive. He is a philosophical poet, the Higher Critics notwithstanding—it is what he talks about that is important, not the way he says it. But it is hard to say whether it is better to call his philosophy Santayana civilized and interpreted by the Harvard Business School, or the metaphysical weighing of life's actuarial contingencies—"Animalism and Sceptic Faith," the philosophy of the securely arrived business man in one of the more dignified fields of money making.

So many American business men are insecure that we forget that they aren't all Babbitts. After all, Henry Adams was a business man of sorts; he certainly didn't live by the sale of his labor

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power. The pencil factory kept the wolf from Thoreau's door. Country bankers who can quote Leonidas or Toulet in the original tongue, insurance brokers who collect the minor Mannerists—there are plenty of them in New England to this day, even if there are few in Gopher Prairie. If Rimbaud was the poetic analogue of Walker the Filibuster or Cecil Rhodes, Stevens was the analogue of himself—vice-president of a safe and sane insurance company.

DON'T misunderstand me; there is nothing wrong with being a business executive. In the heyday of Chinese civilization all sorts of bureaucrats, merchants and generals were very great poets, and in this demoralized time both Mao Tse-tung and Wang Ching-wei have been amongst the handful of excellent contemporary Chinese poets. America would be a far less naughty land if the custom would spread in the upper echelons of the Power Elite.

That is one of the points about Wallace Stevens. He wasn't in the Power Elite. His line was insurance. He stood quietly on the sidelines and took bets from the Power Elite on the chances of their meeting with disaster or the consequences of their folly. That is what his poetry says. Never believe for an instant that it has anything to do with the seven types of ambiguity and the pure aesthetic, self-contained systems of his Higher Critic expositors. "Knowing and being are one," "reality is an activity of the most august imagination," "only in man's definitions of himself, only encompassed in humanity, is he himself." Always, in every poem, Wallace Stevens struggled to catch and hold and keep and be true to the simplest animal wisdom and hence the most human and humane—the profound skepticism of the organism that acts in perfect confidence.

He emphatically does not resemble Laforgue—an envious carbuncular tutor in an ill-fitting collar—but he does curiously resemble the only actual American Symbolist, the best American poet of the twenty-five years before the First War—Stuart Merrill, anarchist, good liver, skeptic and quiet dandy, who wrote only in French. However, if Stevens ever shared Merrill's desire to cut a swath (Merrill was a bit of a Stanford White), he disciplined it away. One thing he had above all else was good taste, the kind that is so good that nobody notices it. He too might have been happier, back in 1920 at least, writing in French. I am sure he never considered doing so, but if he had, I am sure he would have rejected the idea as too ostentatious, as bad form, all right for a Virginian like Merrill, but not done in Connecticut.

This collection contains some paraphrases of Leon Paul Fargue, another bon vivant with immense hidden reserves of power, and perhaps the only French poet since Jammes who is thoroughly likeable as a man. Had he not been a business man, Stevens might well have been very exactly the American Leon Paul Fargue. To anyone who loves Fargue as I do the kinship is an obvious and happy one. I think Fargue is the better poet, perhaps ultimately because he was poor and spent most of his time in hotel rooms and on café terraces. Fargue was a fat man, he looked and acted a little like a French Ford Madox Ford, but he was a sly and wily poet. Stevens weighed less, but there was always a trace of fat about his heart, a debilitating security, and in his later years his agility and mischievousness seemed a shade forced.

I guess it is true that compromise tells, even for one whose very philosophy of life, whose very aesthetics of creation, is based on the axiom that life, action, thought, are themselves compromise. Certainly Stevens never, in a long and very distinguished career, came up to the high point from which he started in his first book, *Harmonium*. That little book sold only a few copies, but it hit my generation with an unforgettable impact. *The Wasteland* may have made more noise, but when it was over, it left only a pose. *Harmonium* left wisdom, its own rather privileged kind of wisdom, but real nonetheless. I suppose the wisdom is riper in the late poems in this book, it is certainly very ripe, but the poetic excitement is a good deal less and sometimes is lacking altogether. Of course the mass of unpublished poems and prose of a lifetime is bound to include some things which were left unpublished for good reason. Considering this, the collection is less diffuse than might be expected. Many of the later poems are deeply moving, but they are, by and large, put together with what is called quiet mastery, one of art's less exciting characteristics. Once in a great while this quiet assurance envelops you in its own very special mystery, the mystery of animalism and skeptic faith:

A Child Asleep In Its Own Life

Among the old men that you know,
There is one, unnamed, that broods
On all the rest, in heavy thought.

They are nothing, except in the universe
Of that single mind. He regards them
Outwardly and knows them inwardly,

The sole emperor of what they are,
Distant, yet close enough to wake
The chords above your bed tonight.

This may not have the bravura and pomp of "The Only Emperor of Ice Cream" but it is no mean thing to have written, secure and successful and past seventy.

Slick Sociology: Thin Fiction

THE BRAIN PICKERS. By Hallie Burnett. Julian Messner. 319 pp. $3.95.
THE BLUE CHIPS. By Jay Deiss. Simon & Schuster. 373 pp. $4.50.
NO DOWN PAYMENT. By John McPartland. Simon & Schuster. 312 pp. $3.95.

Harvey Swados

THE WIDESPREAD suspicion has gotten abroad that we Americans have not only a commercial culture, but a sick culture—if it was ever possible, as perhaps in Venice, to have the former without the latter. Descriptions of the source of the sickness have ranged from Catholic insistence that corruption necessarily attends materialism to Marxist analyses of the effect on art of a society riddled with contradictions. Whatever the cause, the sickness itself seems to have been accepted as a reality by American book publishers, if not by the editors of *Life* or *McCall's*.

Here for example are three new novels. Of one we are told that the author "strips the literary pretensions from the whole erratic coterie of publishers, agents, editors, geniuses and near geniuses who live in the commercial snake pit of the book business—and who, with publication of this book, will be known as The Brain Pickers." Of another it is said that it "is the story of the hidden conflict between science and business in America—the profound struggle between the seekers and the salesmen." Of the third we are informed that "It probes beneath the shiny surface of the new packaged community dream house where young married

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America, having solved all the old problems, is discovering new ones . . ." including "new religious conflicts," "new job tensions" and "new sex conflicts."

The point is not that these blurbs accurately describe the contents of the books (alas, they do not); it is rather that the book business people responsible for the blurbs are catering to what they apparently feel is a widespread uneasiness, a malaise, a suspicion that all is not right in the world of science even with the new wonder drugs, that all is not right in the world of the arts even with the handsome symphonies, art exhibits and gift books, that all is not right in one's private world even with barbecue pits in the yard and color TV in the offing.

IT IS always more nearly surefire to say a great big Yes to a commercial culture, as the Wilsons and the Wouks have learned to their profit; but publishers obviously have reason to feel that there is also a substantial market for the wares of those who "strip pretensions," expose "hidden conflicts" and "probe beneath shiny surfaces." For the work of art that *really* does any of these things, that is to say, for the work of art possessed of any genuine profundity of conception, insight or performance, the market is still no larger than it ever was. As a matter of fact, those so minded could cite these very three novels, and the way they are being promoted, as further evidence of the hypocrisy and the creeping rot in our commercial culture. Any valid statements about art, science or communal life in the United States in terms of the human beings involved in their pursuits, could be made only beyond the point where these books leave off.

Aside from their common presentation as ambitious exposés of sores that do need exposing, these books have in common only one further element: absolute inadequacy of imagination and style. As the text for his sermon, Jay Deiss takes What profiteth a man, etc. He is solemnly concerned with demonstrating that a dedicated young scientist who goes to work as a researcher for a giant pharmaceutical firm can indeed become president of the corporation, but will in the process lose his idealistic (and intellectual) mistress, his devotion to pure science and his self-respect. Mr. Deiss is patently sincere as all get-out, but his oddly old-fashioned yarn is right up Hollywood's alley, and if he is not careful he is going to make buckets of money from this book, which he retired from business to write.

Miss Burnett's pretension-stripping job, on the other hand, is not so given to overt moralizing, but as if in compensation it exudes the homey aroma of soap. There are a few concessions to the hunters for confidential tidbits about the horrors of publishing, such as a Capotean transvestite publisher and his satyr partner (a busy seducer of his wife's nubile daughters), but for the most part *The Brain Pickers* will give its housewife readers nothing more than a delicious shudder at those big city goings-on.

As for *No Down Payment*, it is glib, glib, glib. Mr. McPartland goes to work on the suburbs through the messed-up lives of four young couples. One chap is a dedicated scientist (kissing kin to the hero of *The Blue Chips*) who is uncomfortably occupied with the necessary task of installing automation in an insurance office and thus displacing some hundreds of elderly employees; another is a frustrated ex-hillbilly who lacks the educational qualifications to become a cop; a third spends his working hours gouging the public as a car salesman; the fourth is a splendid free-thinking liberal businessman who ultimately decides to attend church as a concession to his wonderful wife and kids. The four wives are involved in various sexual difficulties.

IT cannot be denied that at least two of these books have been painstakingly researched: if you want a brilliant, horrifying blow-by-blow account of how suckers are clipped by some auto dealers, you will find it in *No Down Payment*, and if you are curious about the scientific jargon used by research workers in commercial laboratories, there is more than an earful in *The Blue Chips*. But of the other dimension which makes of a novel a revelation, an opening into those inner realities which lie behind the slick surface of the American experience, there is unfortunately nothing in these books.

To Nearly Everybody

A war to save civilization, you say?
Then what have *you* to do with it, pray?
Some attempt to acquire it would show truer love
Than fighting for something you know nothing of.

HUGH MACDIARMID

ART

Maurice Grosser

THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART is holding until the first of December an exposition of German art of the twentieth century—paintings, sculpture and prints. Paintings and graphics of the German Expressionists can also be seen at the World House until November 2, and at the Grace Borgenicht Gallery until October 26.

The greater number of the painters shown are already well-known in this country. Indeed, Kandinsky, Klee and Ernst have major positions in the international hierarchy of the arts as ancestors and innovators. Franz Marc is remembered from the first appearance of modern art in this country for his cheerful primary colors, his stylized horses and his use of the Futurist fragmented and semi-transparent plane; and George Grosz, now a distinguished American painter, is popularly known as the bitterest satirist of the first post-war world. Kirchner, Beckmann and Kokoschka have also achieved a wide renown. It is interesting to see that these internationally-known painters are, on the whole, the ones most worth knowing.

The exposition at the Museum of Modern Art starts with a North German group of the beginning of the century—with Paula Modersohn-Becker, Christian Rohlfs and Emil Nolde. The two Modersohn-Beckers (a self portrait holding a leaf and a peasant woman in an attitude of devotion) are heavy, wooden and sentimental. Rohlfs, shown in a fingerpainting style in brown and white, is too badly represented to suggest what his qualities might be. The Noldes are coarse in color, with awkward thick paint and vague and theatrical in drawing. His *Christ Among the Children* has the air—in a larger size—of a home-made Christmas card.

With Kirchner we are on other territory. He belonged to a Dresden group founded in 1905 which they called

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"Die Brüke" (The Bridge). Kirchner was a man of inquiring mind, open to French influence. His early picture of *Dodo and Her Brother* is a sensitive and entertaining characterization, almost a caricature, in the best Fauve style—the boldest possible brush work and the brightest possible colors placed with the greatest possible knowledge of the effect they will produce. *The Street* (window shopping in a city), the *Market Place with Red Tower* and the *Artillerymen* (naked soldiers in a shower room being barked at by an officer) are done on a contemporary Parisian system—Cézanne screened through the Fauves, in particular through Delaunay. Kirchner's later pictures are executed in flat color areas in one of the current Post-Impressionist Paris styles. The other members of the "Bridge" group—Heckel, Schmidt-Rottluff and Mueller—in spite of cheerful color, reflect in their insistent stylization of linear pattern all that was least sympathetic in the painting of Montparnasse.

A later group called "The Blue Rider" included Marc and Kandinsky. Other members were Jawlensky and Macke; they were, if one can judge from the examples presented, the one a Berlitz Matisse and the other out of Renoir by a dried up, eclectic Cubism.

The canvases shown of Kokoschka I had not seen before except in reproduction. The portraits are sensitive; they might be called spiritualized in that they are pictures of the sitters' souls rather than of their bodies. The double portrait of Dr. Tietze and his wife is intimate almost to the point of a mystical identification of painter and sitter; the portrait of Herwarth Walden is an intimate and not too sympathetic caricature. The painting on the other hand, in both pictures is thin, unpleasant, put on in watercolor washes, the canvas dirtied rather than covered, the color apparently out of the painter's control. The effect of the pictures is powerful; it is also unpleasant. The later landscapes, on the other hand, exemplified by the *London Bridge* in the present show, have enormous distance, air, richness and variety of color, ease, spontaneity, charm and conviction.

THE group of painters who began showing in Germany after the first World War, represented in this show by George Grosz and Otto Dix, escaped or were deprived of the influence of the School of Paris. Their caricature is skillful and effective; their paint less so. Their paintings in oil as represented here are thin, precise, provincial and competent. In Dix's portrait of *Dr. Meyer-Hermann*—the round, fat doctor in front of his round, fat x-ray machine—the unpleasantness of the painting may be taken as part of the joke. If in Grosz's portrait of the poet Hermann-Neisse, the equally incompetent painting serves an ulterior objective, the purpose is obscure. Both Kurt Schwitters and Carl Hofer, who were older than Dix and Grosz, seem to have profited by France. Hofer's paint texture, composition and drawing all show the Cézanne influence which is, probably, in large part responsible for the charm possessed by almost all the painters of the School of Paris. And Schwitters played with skill and Parisian grace the game of *collage*. On the other hand, their contemporary, Beckmann, in his genre pieces and allegories—(*Family Picture*, the intellectual life in a garret; and *Temptation*, a triptych with on one side War and Mammon, on the other the Life of Luxury, and in the middle the Artist in Chains)—has nothing of this. His line and composition seem to derive from Matisse rather than from any Cézanne influence. His painting is brutal and entertaining, with the harsh professional clarity of a high-style comic strip.

Painting from the Bauhaus is represented by works of Klee, Feininger, Schlemmer and Kandinsky, all of whom taught there. The Klees shown here add nothing to what we already know. He remains a charming and fanciful painter with extraordinary invention in color and textures and a puckish wit. Feininger, on the other hand, has not aged well. The pictures now seem grimy and the Cubist grill work imposed on what is essentially representational landscape subject matter appears dated and artificial. The Kandinskys of his Bauhaus period with their precise, thin and labored patterns in vague and bodiless colors are much inferior to the richer, freer—and earlier—abstractions for which he is best known. Schlemmer's pictures once enjoyed a certain popularity. Now one sees stylized mannequins in modern style interiors, and one wonders at their being exposed in public.

The contemporary painting included in the show is in the neutral, non-objective manner found today in all officially-sponsored international expositions.

Whether on account of the choice of pictures or on account of the qualities of the painters themselves, I found myself, on the whole, disappointed. The prints and sculpture did not help. Everything seemed either an apocalypse or a caricature. Whatever skill in painting I saw seemed to have been learned in France. There is much that is impressive, much that is entertaining, much, even, to remember. But with few exceptions—a painting by Klee, a landscape by Kokoschka, a group of houses by Hofer—there is little to love.

A Little, If Not Much

The wing instinctive,
The foot beyond intent
Find motion; the heart treads
And the wine of life pulses
In cisterned troughs.

Lie down, smoke!
Inch-worm, collapse!
Enough moves, enough will not be still.
Let peace, and a windless tree
Prevail,
Though frantic legs strain
And throats roar
And gins, churns, wheels, pistons multiple
Insist quite otherwise.

A little, if not much
Of the long breath, the slowly dropping lid
May hold the universe in leash
A fractioned beat — perhaps . . . .

ETHEL D. TURNER

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THEATRE

Harold Clurman

I HAVE so often written of Sean O'Casey's peculiar genius that there seems little left for me to say about the dramatic reading of *I Knock at the Door* (Playhouse), the first of his six-volume autobiography, than "go and hear it."

O'Casey's genius is "peculiar" because, while almost everything he has written bursts with personal and national character, he has produced only a few entirely satisfactory plays, and nothing in his work is classically coherent. Yet the whole man is always present and a very real man he is—which is not at all as common in books or on the streets as one might suppose. The biographical work, being a form of improvised conversation on specific events in the author's experience, requires less logic or organization than does a play, and is perhaps the most genially representative of O'Casey.

Humor and humanity, indignation and compassion, virility and tenderness, a feeling for the basic sorrows and pleasures of ordinary living are communicated in a style that is at once muscular and melodious, racy, intimate and epic—an exemplary modern prose.

The reading by six devoted and intelligent actors is admirably "orchestrated"; the result is a civilized and heartwarming evening.

JOHN OSBORNE, an actor still in his twenties, wrote a play two or three years ago, *Look Back In Anger* (Lyceum), which has also knocked at the door—this time at the door of British drama. The knock reverberated momentously through the English theatre, and its echo, slightly muted by its ocean passage, may now be heard on our Broadway shore.

I saw the play at its opening in London, where it was received by the leading critics with an excited gratitude which astonished as much as it pleased me. What the play represented to its English audience was the first resounding expression in the theatre not only of troubled youth but of the tensions within large segments of the middle class in England today. The play is contemporary in a way in which Rattigan on the one hand or Eliot and Fry on the other are not.

The play brings before us two young men of working-class origin in the English midlands who have a candy stand concession in a local cinema. One of them—Jimmy Porter— has had a university education and acts as a self-appointed protector to his Welsh buddy, an uncomplicated person happily free of metaphysical anguish.

Jimmy is married to a pretty girl whom he feels he almost had to steal away from her family, the kind of family whose strength and graces were grounded on England's 1914 Empire. Jimmy not only resents his wife's family and all the institutions that bred them because they led to nothing but the dust and ashes of 1945; he also berates her for having lost the stamina presumed to be characteristic of her background, without having replaced it with any new values of her own—even romantically negative ones like his.

A fourth character, a young actress, represents that middle class which obstinately holds on to its customary traditions, and there is also the wan figure of Jimmy's father-in-law, bewildered and impotent in an England he no longer recognizes.

JIMMY PORTER then is the angry one. What is he angry about? It is a little difficult at first for an American to understand. The English understand, not because it is ever explicitly stated, but because the jitters which wrack Jimmy, though out of proportion to the facts within the play, are in the very air the Englishman breathes. Jimmy, "risen" from the working class, is now provided with an intellect which only shows him that everything that might have justified pride in the old England—its opportunity, adventure, material well-being—has disappeared without being replaced by anything but a lacklustre security. He has been promoted into a moral and social vacuum. He fumes, rages, nags at a world which promised much and has led to a dreary plain where there is no fibre or substance, but only fear of scientific destruction and the minor comforts of "American" mechanics. His wife comments to the effect that "my father is sad because everything has changed, Jimmy is sad because nothing has." In the meantime Jimmy seeks solace and blows defiance through the symbolic jazz of his trumpet, while his working-class pal, though he adores Jimmy and his wife, wisely leaves the emotionally messy premises.

Immanent reality plus a gift for stinging and witty rhetoric are what give the play its importance. It is not realism of the Odets or Williams kind nor yet poetry, although it has some kinship to both. It adds up to a theatrical stylization of ideas about reality in which a perceptive journalism is made to flash on the stage by a talent for histrionic gesture and vivid elocution. While the end product possesses a certain nervous force and genuineness of feeling it is also sentimental, for it still lacks the quality of an experience digested, controlled or wholly understood.

Someone asked me if I didn't believe the play might achieve greater dimensions if American actors were to play it in a manner now associated with the generation influenced by the Group Theatre. The question reveals a misunderstanding of the play's nature. It calls for the verbal brio and discreet indication of feeling which it receives from the uniformly excellent, attractive English cast—Kenneth Haigh, Mary Ure, Allan Bates, Vivienne Drummond.

Jimmy Porter, "deepened" in another vein, would prove an intolerable nuisance, a self-pitying, verbose, sadistic jackanapes. He is a sign, not a character. We accept him because in the final count he is more amusing than real. We can look beyond him and the flimsy structure of the fable in which he is involved and surmise some of the living sources in the civilization from which he issues.

That John Osborne is attached and attuned to those sources is the virtue and hope of his talent. It may take ten years for him to achieve what most people have declared he already has.

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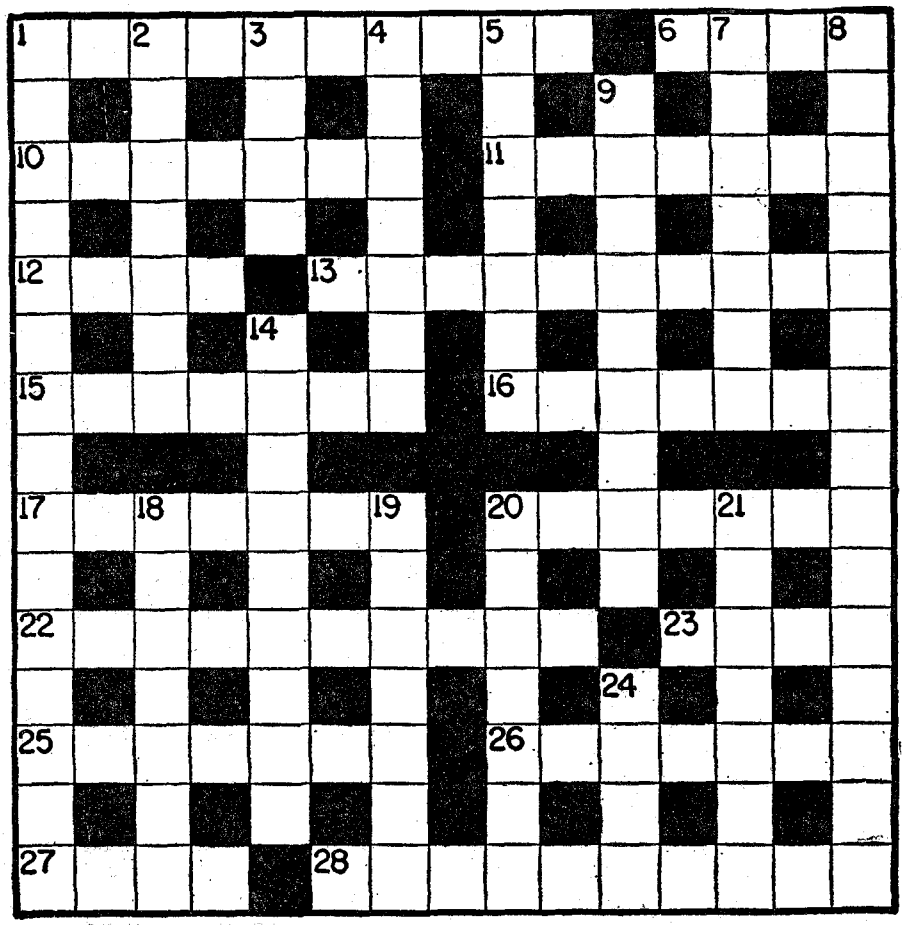
Crossword Puzzle No. 742

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 A ration's penny is growing! (10)
6 Did the old store-owner put it on his sign for support? (4)
10 To cry might do a fat lot of good! (7)
11 It is said that some desirable things are fattening, if not this or 18 down. (7)
12 Put down face wrong. (4)
13 Complete bird to get quick, but not too quick! (10)
15 Pays attention to everything except desserts? (7)
16 Coming out to sound vaguely like 17. (7)
17 Such things are distinguished in them, in entirely different circumstances. (7)
20 An aromatic herb might be dear overseas, at sixty-fifty. (7)
22 The ads some people settle for! (10)
23 Neat belted back. (4)
25 Were Werther's disappointing examples of Goethe? (7)
26 Lots of color to separate the poles! (7)
27 Government measure? (4)
28 What are the chances of getting the vase turned over? (10)

DOWN:

1 His case could be one of Johnny-on-the-spot acquisition. (9, 6)
2 While his case could be one of lack of proper vision. (7)
3 Behaves like a flower? Quite the opposite! (4)
4 Behaves like a regular clot. (7)
5 You might find it even a slightly green quality. (7)
7 A target presented by a row of contestants? (7)
8 Puts a stake in position against a felled tree, and sits rather awkwardly on it. (The interests of such may have been covered for some time.) (15)
9 Dined in rather colorful circumstances, having flowers for decoration. (9)
14 A new book for the library in the office entrance? (9)
18 See 11 across. (7)
19 With locks in place, coming up with the last course? (7)
20 A concluding strain (perhaps implying a fall?) (7)
21 His view on Delft is appreciated by many. (7)
24 Must make a spot of it, no doubt. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 741

ACROSS: 1 PREFABRICATED; 10 INTEGER; 11 FULSOME; 12 ENDURANCE; 13 NIGER; 14 OAFISH; 16 BEGOTTEN; 19 BAREFOOT; 20 SPIDER; 22 STOOP; 23, 27, 9 and 25 FOOLS RUSH IN WHERE ANGELS FEAR TO TREAD; 26 GLITTER.
DOWN: 2 RATED; 3 FIGURES OF SPEECH; 4 BORING; 5 INFLEXED; 6 ALL-ENCOMPASSING; 7 ELONGATED; 8 TIME-BOMB; 15 FORGOTTEN; 17 NORTHERN; 18 CONFIDER; 21 LOGGIA; 22 SITE; 24 UNTIL.

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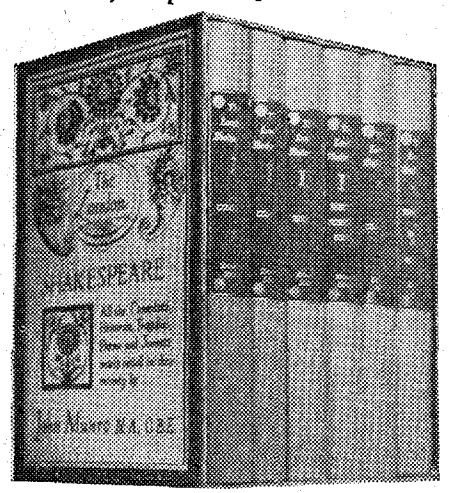

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